Brooklyn's Mystery Still Unsolved.

THE JURY UNDECIDED.

Prospects, Prophecies and the Patient Public.

HOW WILL IT END?

Scenes in the Court Room. Corridors and Streets.

LOADER'S REAFFIRMATION.

The Plymouth Pastor Asserts His Innocence.

It was confidently expected that yesterday would bring to an end the great scandal trial, and that those who have for so many weary months been compelled to be constant attendants in the confined court room would be released from their arduous duties and once more be able to return to their homes and usual occupations. Sad was the disappointment depicted on every face when ten o'clock, the appointed hour for the opening of the Court, arrived and passed by without the appearance of the jury. It was argued that, they having had the whole night to themselves after the adjournment on Thursday evening, there was more than a pos-sibility that they would either have agreed upon their verdict, or at least that they would reappear in the court room and announce to the Judge the fact that there existed no probability of their arriving at a unanimous opinion. The delay was considered by many to be

A FAVORABLE OMEN FOR THE PLAINTIEF. The friends of the Plymouth pastor, however, on the other hand, expressed their entire confidence in the jury and in the belief that the result would show that if there was not a solid verdict for Mr. Beecher there would be at least such a majority cast in his favor as to morally acquit him of all blame in the eyes of the community generally. To give all the opinions, however, that were advanced upon this subject would occupy a volume. The evidence was talked over, the summing up of the different counsel was discussed and the Judge's charge fully commented upon. There appeared to be but one opinion in regard to the latter, which was that it was a clear, unbiassed and impartial address, and eminently the one just suited to the occasion.

The absence of Mr. Beecher from the court room was a subject for remark; but it was generally given out that he had been purposely staying away with a view to prevent any possibility of contact with members of the press, a great number of whom were anxiously looking for him in order to obtain from him some expression as to how he viewed the continued absence of the jury. The fact that this body had communication to the Judge asking for the record of certain testimony was speedily bruited around and furnished food for new discussions as to what the probable result would be. When, too, it was found that the particular part of the evidence taken during the trial which they wished to retresh their memory upon was that given by Mr. and Mrs. Moulton, the supporters of Mr. Beecher evidently appeared dismayed, while the partisans of Theodore Tilton were on the contrary proportionately elated, for they argued that the very fact of the testimony having been applied for showed that

TILTON'S STOCK was going up, and that those members of the jury was were inclined to give him a verdict had made a point on the remainder of their confreres. which they only required to be strengthened by documentary proof to win the opposition over to their side. The Plymouth church folks, of course, tried to meet these suggestions by all kinds of special pleading, even asserting that the object testimony had been sent for was to convince the Tilton maction of the error witnesses. It is, of course, extremely difficult to reconcile the construction of the two sides, but there appears to be one thing which is uncontrovertible-namely, the fact that, as each hour passes, the chances of the plaintiff are considered to be gradually improving, which is plainly instanced by the fact that many people who for months have been stanch Beecherites are expressing their opinions in open court directly in opposition to their formerly expressed convictions.

OPENING THE COURT ROOM. A dense throng packed the court room long before ten o'clock, at which hour it was thought the jury would appear to announce the result of their de iberations. Every available inch of room was occupied, and a feeling of intense anxiety everywhere prevailed. The atmosphere was almost stiding, but the discomfort was seemingly forgotten in view of the entire surroundings. It was evident that the Plymouth church people were by no means so confident as on the preceding evening, taking into account the predictions that the jury would render a verdict for the defendant without leaving their seats. Indeed, most of them were more or less depressed, and not a little uneasiness was fell at the fact that the twelve good men and true had been so long in coming to a determination.

A REQUEST FROM THE JURY. Not very long before twelve o'clock a communication was sent by the jury to Judge Neilson, who sat patiently in his chambers. Messrs. Evarts. Porter, Abbot, Shearman, Pryor and Morris, the sounsel in attendance, were immediately sumoned and a consultation followed. What the jury desired was the charge of Judge Neilson. The matter was discussed at some length. No objection was offered by the defendant's counsel provided the requests to charge were also fur nished. To the latter Messrs. Pryor and Morris objected, and the result was that the Judge was compelled finally to refuse the application of the

Rumors of all kinds were as thick as blackberries on a full grown bush. It was alleged, for instance, that some very heated debates took place in the jury room, the Beecher men arguing strenuously for the defendant, while those in favor of Tilton stoutly maintained the position they at first put forward. Betting was very brisknot on the chances of a verdict, for a disagreement now seemed inevitable -out on the cnar acter of the division.

SEVEN TO PIVE. Despite the doubtful prospects the court room continued crowded as usual. At noon a rumor gained circulation that the jury stood seven in layor of Tilton. Among other things it was stated that when the jurors left their room jast night and occupied an apartment flown stairs, the torn ballots were conected and put together, the result disclosing the situation as above describe. But this was probably only snother of the canards so freely circulated during the entire day.

THE VISITORS included many of those who day after day have patiently listened to the developments of the trial. Mrs. Beecher was among the first arrivals. Bue had a careworn look. Mrs. Porter was seated near her, and the two kept up a long conversain-law, the Rev. Mr. Scoville, of Norwich, Chenan. go county. There were also in attendance ex-Lieutenant Governor Woodford, Mr. J. C. Bullard, Mrs. Reacher's brother, and Rev. Dr. Edward Mescher, Other visitors dropped in and

THE SUSPENSE. | out of court merely to inquire as to the progress made. The gallery was densely packed, and commotions were not unfrequent, owing to the repeated efforts of jesters in raising raise alarms. Mr. Ev rts came in shortly belove eleven o'clock, and his presence was the signal for general applicase, which the distinguished advocate politely acknowledged.

THE CONTESTANTS.

Mr. Beecher was fard by in the office of his son, corner of Montague and Court streets, waiting for the verdict. Mr. Tilton was in company with Mr. Norris most of the day, and remained in the vicinity of the court room. He looked very much fatigued; but, in answer to triendly inquiries, said he had slept well and was otherwise in good spirits. The fact of the long absence of the jury, Thton's iriends claimed, was good sign for the plaintiff, and, while the thought of a verdict was entirely abandoned, a disagreement was welcomed as the best best

AT MIDDAY the heat was almost unendurable. The sweltering mass in the gallery listened with intense interest to every rumor that the latest comer set forth, while in the bedy of the court groups sat together carnestly discussing the probabilities of the case. Never was an issue awaited with such deep anxiety. Indeed, the feeling at times bordered on excitement, and as the day wore on this feeling increased rather than abated.

JUDGE NEILSON sat in his private chamber the entire day in his shirt sleeves, fanning himself vigorously. He was visited by many gentlemen during the day. was questioned as to whether he would send for the jury in case they did not come of their own He said it was not his practice to send for a jury unless they first sent for instructions. It he did so he might probably interrupt them in the midst of an important discussion, or, perhaps, just as they were on the point of agreeing. He would not send for them unless they sent for him or came of their own motion. The venerable Judge was in a stream of perspiration the entire day; but he bore his discomfort with that patience which marked his action throughout the long, wearying investigation. In the Judge's chamber sat General Roger A. Pryor and Mr. Evarts discussing general topics, avoiding all reference to the mreat case.

RUMORED CHANGE OF FOREMAN. Quite a commotion was caused by the rumored change of the foreman of the jury. It was stated, with apparent sincerity, that the jury had decided to elect Mr. Jeffrey foreman, instead of Mr. Carpenter. Whether this was true could not be ascertained, and indeed ail the rumors as to the movements of the jury had the same amount of reliableness. Nobody was allowed to go near them, and as the officers in charge were as dumb as oysters it can readily be inferred that all the supposed actions and divisions of the jury were only the work of the imagination.

engaged in the case were in and out of court the entire day. As usual Mr. Shearman was never quiet, but, mosquito-like, was bounding from post to pillar. Mr. Porter retained his old seat in the middle of the court room nearly the entire day, chatting pleasantly with surrounding friends. General Tracy was absent, being elsewhere engaged. Mr. Beach appeared in the Judge's chamber during the day, but the prospects of an agreement being as poor as ever, he quitted the scene of his recent great oratorical display. RELIEF.

The announcement shortly after one o'clock that the jury were about to dine and that nothing would be done for an hour was received with satisfaction, affording all an opportunity to breathe the fresh air. Nevertheless many remained in court, apprehensive lest their seats might be appropriated in their absence. Judge Nellson dined shortly after one o'clock. Meanwhile, Messrs. Evarts and Shearman arrived in the chamber and continued for some time in conversation with the Chief Justice. Mr. Evarts is a great smoker and seemed to enjoy his strong weed with great zest.

It might be mentioned that during the discussion which occurred among the counsel as to complying with the request of the jury in reference to the Judge's charge relating to circumstantial evidence a large crow of spectators gathered in iront of the window looking into the rear yard of the Polytechnic Institute, from which point of observation they gazed with open mouths toward the jury room. "Behold," said the Chief Justice, good humoredly, "wnat a fine audience you have got. Now, Mr. Evarts, you might deliver an address from this window. What a jury that would be to submit the case to," "Yes," added Mr. Evarts, At all events they seem to have good sense enough to stay in the shade at least." The crowd attention withdrew like schoolboys who had been refused a holiday.

THE JOLLY JURORS had a good time. During a substantial dinner they chatted treely upon various topics, at least it was supposed they did so, from the fact that now and then peals of merriment rung through the room during their hearty repast. The crowd outside watched them with unabated interest, and when one of them appeared at the window he was lustily cheered. Altogether, life in the jury room is not unendurable. What with "the best in the market" and good cigars they manage to get along in comfortable style. They were all in their suirt sleeves and were taking things as well as might be expected. In the jurors' dining room were a woman and a little girl, the latter barety six years old. They were probably there as attendants and have doubtless been duly cau-

THE JURORS' REQUEST. The following is a copy of the request which Mr. Jeffrey sent down to Judge Neilson, but which, as aiready mentioned, was refused:-

To the Hosonante Chief Justice;—
We sent you a communication yesterday asking for part of your charge relating to "circumstantial evidence" and your ruing in regard to Mr. Moniton's testimony. We await your reply.

IN THE AFTERNOON the court room and gallery were as crowded as ever, but not the slightest particle of news as to the movements of the jury could be obtained. Rumors were of course flying about in all directions, but so numerous did they at length become that little or no heed was paid them. Mrs. Becener returned after two o'clock. Not more than half a dozen ladies were in the court room.

A PAPER BATTLE. To vary the monotony and keep awake several parties in the room commenced a kind of warfare, idiotic to be sure, but doubtless in thorough keeping with the empty heads that suggested it. Young men anywhere from twenty-five to thirty commenced peppering each other with paper cellets, to the infinite delight of the people in the gallery, who, in turn, began to stamp, puerile performances were promptly and properly

put down by the police. ANOTHER ALARM. The heat was intense and doubtless the jury were well aware of this fact, as the rays of the broiling sun beamed through the window of the room in which they were deliberating. It was bumanely suggested that another apartment be chosen for them where better shade was offered. Accordingly they were notified of the fact and they flied out in charge of the officers, some carrying their coats on their arms, others umbrellas and all perspiring profusely. Quick as thought the rumor spread that the jury were coming into court and a grand stampede ensued, only to end in bitter disappointment. There being no sign of their appearance at half-past five o'clock, Judge Neilson announced that Court would adjourn until eight

THE MORNING SCENES OUTSIDE. Although it was well known that the Court would not be reopened until ten o'clock yesterday morning, and, as a consequence, that the jury could not bring in their verdict before that he even supposing they had agreed, yet large crowds of curious men and women assembled and gathered around the entrances to the Court House as early as eight o'clock, in the hope that by some lucky chance they might gain admission into the room where the great trial has for so long held away. Finding, however, that there was no possibility of having their wish in this cirection gratified, they loitered all around the and Morriz came out from the court room. Thien Plymouth pastor drove no in a carriage,

shade from the intensely hot rays of the sun, which streamed down in fearful force all day, could be found. The intention manifestly was to be on hand at the supreme moment and

"SEE THE FUN." moment the jury should hand in their decision to the Judge. For the most part the crowd was orderly and well behaved, which is somewhat surprising, considering the varied mixture of classes of which the gathering was composed. Now and then the discussions which were taking place on every side began to assume serious aspects, and loud and angry tones would be heard rising above the general hum; there would be a rush to tae spot from whence these noisy voices came, and indications were given that there might possibly be a conflict between the opposing factions. These demonstrations, however, were speedily subdued by the police and

order was quickly restored. The persistency with which people hung around the neighborhood of the court from the early. morning until the evening was wonderful to behold, especially considering the heat and the impossibility of anding any place to sit down. Naturally the visits paid to

LAGER BEER SALOONS were frequent and oft repeated; but the only effect the constant imbibing of this beverage, which the Teutons swear "cheers but not inebriates," appeared to be to superinduce a greater amount of perspiration, to the detriment of hundreds or shirt fronts and collars.

Every now and again some man would rush hurriedly down the iron staircases, apparently very desirous of reaching some objective point some mysterious-looking sips of paper, which excited the curiosity of all the loungers. Sometimes these mysterious personages would be recognized by some triend in the crowd and be brought to a stand with the inquiry where he was going and what news he had. This was just what the mysterious party wanted, for he saw his way to make himself

THE HERO OF THE MINUTE. He would call his friend on one side and whisper a few words-so that every one around could hear him-that he had certain information as to how the jury stood, and would then begin to show his little slips on which were the names "Beecher" and "Tilton," according as his blas existed. There would, of course, be a rush and a gathering round him to find out what this oracle had discovered and how he had obtained his information. He would then relate that these slips were the ballots just cast by the jury in their latest attempt to find out how they stood, and that they had been given to him by one of the officers in charge. The latest of these attempts to gull the greenhorns made out that the jury stood seven for Beecher and ave for Tilton. Then, again, information was given from a reliable source that they stood the same as last night, viz.:- NINE TO THREE.

There was also a report circulated around that Juryman Hull and another were the only two standing out for Tilton, and that they had expressed their full determination not to budge from their position in this regard. Whatever cruth there was in any of the assertions made, it was the universally expressed opinion that a dis-

Speculations were rife as to the possibility of there being a new trial. The general impression in this particular seemed to favor the idea that there will be no attempt to retry the present issue, but that the prosecution of Theodore Tilton by Rev. H. W. Beecher on the libel indictment will be vigorously pushed.

WATCHING THE JURY. The windows of the room in which the jury were onfined overlooked the small park at the back of the Court House. This point of observation was the attraction to a moderately large number of people, who patiently waited hour aft r hour with their eyes, as it were, fastened steadily on these windows in the hope that possibly some gumpse might be caught of the jury and an idea be obtained as to what prospect there was of their agreeing. Every now and then one or two of "the twelve" would come and look out, take a seat and begin to lan himself, clearly indicating the fact that it is no sinecure they hold, but that their labors are exhausting and enervating in such an atmosphere as there must be in their

CHESTER CARPENTER, THE FOREMAN, was seen, and each time he looked more and more fatigued. He was in his shirt sleeves, with no collar on. The shirt looked as though it had been dipped in a pail of water and hastily wrung out ; while the man himself looked pale, nervous, careworn. Even while he sat at the window he was talking and gesticulating, indicating that he was making an attempt to convince one of his brethren to adopt his view of the case, but was meeting with but indifferent success. From time to time some of the others would also show to the nont. They one and all looked tired and worn out, and after sitting quietly and in repose at the window for a short while would again retire out or sight.

The remarks that were passed by the crowd of watchers were as numerous as the people and oftentimes provoked a great deal of laughter. Thus the day was passed by the outsiders.

AROUND THE CORRIDORS. An excited, vehement crow't awaited the opening of the big fron gates of the Court House yesterday morning. The very moment they swung back staircases, corridors and lobbies became a perfect wilderness of confusion. The scene inside the nalls cannot well be described. Suffice it to say that to the student of Brooklyn society there could not possibly have been furnished a

richer or more perfect field for observation "Everybody is here." cried a stalwart country. man, struggling vainly to reach the court room door, "and I'll be darned if I believ this 'ere ticket of mine is worth a cent." countryman spoke the truth. Long before the hour appointed for the jury to report every available seat in the court room had been occupied, and bundreds, unable to find a chair or camp stool, were glad enough to secure even standing room. It is sa e to say that no less than 600 of those who held tickets in their hands were refused admittance. Indeed, from the very moment the fron gates swung back up the hour of recess two streams people poured in and out of the Court House, the one hurrying up the stairways hopeful and expectant; the other coming down again congrined and disappointed. All phases of society were represented in the motiey throng. others, with babies sucking at their breasts, wrestled with old men hobbling upon their crutenes. It was a chronic push, roar and growl. The people first in order abused those crowding benind, and those crowding behind absolutely cursed those in front for being so slow. It was impossible to "cover" the corridors without imminent danger of being crushed to death. The broad halls echoed the sounds of wrangling men, crying women and wing babes. The police, even at the early hour of nine, gave out in coarton tones that the court room was full and that no more could be admitted. Still the people lingered around, each one trusting that, by means of some combination of circumstances, an entrance might be effected within. Theodore Tilton, accompanied by two of his counsel, Pryor and Morris, appeared in the corridor at eleven o'clock. Tilton was "the cynosure of every eye." In the dim light stealing through the dull, dingy windows, located at either end of the passage, he appeared careworn, haggard and certainly prematurely gray. A burst of wild applause greeted him as he reached the landing, and many of the ladies grouped along the wais saluted him with their handkerenters and lans. To this little impromptu ovation Theodore responded with a smile and a bow, and crowding his way through the throng ent-red the court room. Meanwhile the crowd in the hall had been gradually increasing. At 11:80 A. M. lobbles, stairways and corridors were simply a sea of human forms, a vast plain of expectant eyes and perspiring faces. Hundreds, unable even to reach the stair, wrangled under the portico outside. At a quarter to twelve Tilton, with Pryor

building, on the steps, in the street and other | was greated with a shout, and the people, crushing those behind them against the hard walls, formed a narrow passage to let him go by. As Tilton went along almost every man raised his hat respectfully, and as he descended the stairs the corridor resounded with loud applause. The general expectation was that the as some called it, that was expected to arise the jury would report at ien o'clock AFM, gesterday; but eleven o'clock came, then tweive, then one,

but still no report. Yet all in that great throng awaited with as much auxicty as they would have done had the verdict been nanging over their own heads. Suddenly it was announced that the court would adjourn until two o'clock P. M. The crowd did not disserse, but each held his or her place with a patience and for titude that was really wonderful. THE IMPETUOUS JOURNALISTS.

Very soon after eleven o'clock in the morning Judge Neilson retired to his private room, wanther he was accompanied by Mr. W. F. G. Shanks, of the *Tribune*, and Mr. Hennessy, of the Times, the two journalists whose eager desires to obtain exclusive news led them into an unseemly conflict on Thursday night in the court room. Mr. Gordon L. Ford went with Mr. Shanks, and Sergeant Rogers and the officers arrested the two impetuous journalists followed the party into the antechamber. As all other persons were excluded, and as the principals in the conflict were extremely reticent when they returned from it, it is not known, in detail, what trunspired in the small apartment. Both Mr. Shanks and Mr. Hennessy were discharged from arrest, however, and it is presumed that Judge Neilson, before setting them free from the attachment of the law, gave them some good advice as to the necessi y and the methods to restrain their eager and impetuous natures.

NIGHT SCENES IN COURT. Eager as when day dawned the curious, earnest, excited crowd rushed back to the court room last night, with all the leverish anxiety that has marked the scene since the moment the jury left their seats. Eight o'clock was the hour announced for re-assembling; but long before that time the multitude outside importuned the officers at the gate for admittance. It would seem, indeed, as if all Brooklyn were sitting in their night dresses waiting to get up early in the morning. Beyond question the City of Churches is roused to its uttermost depths. Upon the decision of the jury hangs the most vital question that the mind could conjure up in connection with the social relations of some of the most prominent citizens in this wayward but saintly place.

THE RUSH FOR SEATS. When the doors were opened a solid phalanx, wedged together like pine planks, lined the corridors. The police were active, prompt and determined; the crowd strong, energetic and anxious. Happily the moral force of the blue-coated men prevailed. And here a word concerning the guardians of the peace in this case. Throughout the trial their deportment has been marked by requisite firmness and courtesy, and in few, if any, instances have they overstepped the bounds duty, despite the frequent annoyances to which they were subjected. A dense throng filled the great corridor leading to the court, and those who could not gain admittance were content to remain outside, devouring every whisper made in regard to the prospects of a verdict. The jury are evidently a set of philosophic men. During the recess a crowd of people remained outside gaping at the windows at which now and then a juryman, thinking life too short to be worried, would appear in shirt sleeves and ian himself with all the seeming indifference of a man who had too much time on his hands. Thanks to the eflorts of the officers, the court room was not overcrowded. The heat was stifling, nevertheless, and many would gladly have chosen a Turkish bath by way of relief. Judge Neilson arrived shortly after eight o'clock and retired to his private chamber, where, in the course of the evening, he received several visitors, with whom he conversed at leisure. The Chief Justice was as patient, smiable and good humored as a man could be, and his gental smile was not lost on the many that surrounded him.

MRS. BEECHER. . Weary and worn, faithful and devoted to the end, however bitter or sweet it may be, this lady, whose presence during this unparalieled investigation has ever won the sympathy and admiration of all who have seen her, was again in her accustomed seat. Her appearance in court, while to some extent it excited curiosity on the part of visitors, has always evoked expressions of the highest esteem. The long, tedious, worrying trial has had its effects, and these are to be seen in her careworn face, her manner, and even in her smile. She is surrounded by stanca and sterling friends, whose consoling words cannot but encourage her in the noble and heroic attitude she has so unfinebingly maintained since the day the jury were empanelled. Last evening she was seated near Mr. Porter, with whom she conversed

at length.

Although the Judge caused an announcement to be made shortly after five o'clock that the Court would stand adjourned until eight o'clo the people who had congregated in and around Court House appeared loth to believing evidently that it was just on the cards that an attempt was being made to spring a trap on them, and that a ruse had been resorted to in order to clear the building. Tais illusion, however, was quickly dispelled from their minus, when a cordon of police marqued through the various corridors, and cleared the building of all except the members of the press and those who were entitled to the entrée by reason of their business.

Notwithstanding this decisive movement the crowd were loth to leave, and, flading that they could no longer gain admission within the pre clacts, they loitered around in the streets immediately adjacent to the building where

THE GRAND INVESTIGATION has been so long conducting its sessions, in the hope and behef that at some moment in advance of the time announced for the Judge to be present some mine might be sprung upon them and that they would miss the final and exciting scenes likely to arise if the jury should of the Judge. They evidently ignored the fact that such a result could not possibly occur; yet they were determined not to throw away a chance.

As soon as the building was cleared a large ma jority of the curious crowd made a movement en ion for the open plaza on the eastern side of the Court House, which commanded a full view of the room wherein the twelve men composing

which is to decide the late of the priestly defendant and the seif-sacrificing plaintiff was assembled. This point of observation, until the reassembling of the Court, was the principal locality sought, and within half an hour after the Judge and left for his home there were not less than from 1,000 to 2,000 persons watching the windows of the jury room. There were all kinds of divertisements gotten up by the fanny men in the crowd, which were amusing for a certain time, but soon began to pall and were lorsaken.

TRLEGRAPHING THE JURY. Shortly before six o'clock some little excitement was caused by the approach along Boerum street of a light wagon, in which was a gentleman and a little girl, which stopped immediately opposite and so as to command a full view of the windows of the room in which the jury wer confined, The attention of the assemblage was drawn to this vehicle by the curious actions of the male occupant, who was noticed to be using a fan in a peculiar manner, evidently as though he was practised in a certain system of signalling. Following his motions and the directions in which they were given it was noticed that there was some communication going on between the jury and the occupant of the wagon, who is a well known parti-an of the Plymouth regime. ter Carpenter, the foreman, was the

RECIPIENT AND INTERPRETER of these signals, for with his fan he made responsive answers to the motions of the man in the ouggy who drove off rapidly apparently satisfied with

the message he had received. Shortly after this certain other friends of the and stopped precisely in the same place buggy had stopped and same system of signs were given and exenanged, much to the astonishment of the multitude who were looking on and taking in every point. The opinions expressed upon these exhibitions were various, and anything but complimentary to the jury and others.

On the reopening of the Court there was the same endeavor on the part of the populace to secure admission, but they were gen ly rejused by the police. They, however, apag around all night, until it became known, at ten o'clock, that Judge Nellson had adjourned the Court at that hour until eleven o'clock to-day, thus ending the general suspense.

At half-past nine o'clock things were in about

the same condition as when the Court reas-

"WAITING, STILL WAITING,"

but as for news about the issue the public might as well have been in Upernavik, in the north of Greenland, and considering the Weather, the atmosphere and the prospects of a stretcher. many of them would gladly have exchanged places with the inhabitants of that icy spot. Rivulets of perspiration streamed down every face; dripping handkerchiefs, long since overcharged, were laid aside; fans were in constant play, and altogether the place resembled a large pan, in which men and women were being slowly stewed. One unfortunate spectator lainted and was carried out. The features which marked the "waiting" in this instance were unlike those which generally wind up a great trial. In a murder case, for instance, where the testimony has been of a very conflicting character, the people in court are not wont to deal in jest to beguile the hours of expectation, but wear an air of solemnity befitting the scene. A stillness prevails in view of the fate of the accused, and nothing above a whisper is heard in any part of the court room. But the Leecher trial furnishes no such phases. Not that the issue will be less momentous to the distinguished defendant, but the fact that actual life is not at stake rather roos the spectacle and its queer surroundings of the terrible thoughts pertaining to the gibbet. For want of occupation those in the court room discussed many topics, and whatever differences of opinion may have existed upon various subjects a decidedly harmonious opinion was expressed as to the weather. Jokes flaw around the score. Even the staid and gloomy Clerk of the Court, who has many a time and oft told prisoners to stand up for sentence of deats, caught the contagion, and when occasion offered, as it did, he was not hindmost in repartee. This gentleman-Mr. Frank Mailtson-nas always the expression of a cheerful undertaker after paying funeral, and would doubtless ask no better employment than to auction tombstones. When the audience stamped, for instance, he reminded the more boisterous that "this was not the locality for such uncommon, illegal, unseemly, unmeaning, unwarranted and unmitigated ebullmons of feeling; that there was a circus elsewhere in the city, where exhibitions of the kind were tolerated with impunity, and, he might say, with approval on the part of performing artists." Mr. Mallison deserves a testimomial for his courtesy, urounity, promptness, and efficiency throughout a trial where Job as Clerk of the Court would have proved a failure. The appearance of Mr. Evarts and Mr. Pryor during the evening elicited ringing cheers. But nothing was done toward a solution of the great mystery. At a few minutes past ten o'clock the Court, by order of the Chief Justice, was adjourned until this morning at eleven o'clock. THE DEFENDANT'S HOPES.

Mr. Beecher was found after a number of trips between the court room, his son's insurance office and his residence on Columbia Heights. He was encountered on the corner of Court street chatting humorously with a friend.

"What are your hopes, Mr. Beecher?" asked the

"I have only one hope, and it would not be hard to guess want that is," replied the distinguished preacher good humoredly. "It would be questionable taste for me to say more at this time. Exceedingly warm, isn't it?"

"Very. You would rather not express your opinion as to the result?" asked the reporter, in desperation.

"Well, I should say that it was as warm as any we shall have this month," replied Mr. Beecher, pretending to misunderstand; "and as to the resuit, it is just possible that some may be sunstruck it the heat continues." "But I referred to the result of the delibera-

tions of the jury," insisted the reporter, "On, that was it?" said the great minister, with "I am not a sootha genuine smile of surpriss.

saver." With a good natured bow Mr. Beecher started home to his dinuer, apparently as contented as though his fate did not depend upon the decision of the twelve men in the jury room.

THE PLAINTIPP RETICENT. Mr. Tilton was encountered on the corridor, accompanied by his counsel, ex-Judge Morris, and asked to express his views regarding the probable

"I am much obliged to you for the interest you take in this case," replied the plaintiff, nalvely, "but when you ask me to express an opinion as to what verdict the jury will return you hardly do my judgment as to want is and is not proper fall justice."

The plaintiff said this without the slightest ill nature or good humor, but the remark was couched in such language as to discourage and foreid any further questioning.

MR. LOADER'S CARD. Mr. Joseph Loader, one of the new witnesses, whose affidavit has already been published, has sent to the HERALD the following card :-TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:-

I noticed in this morning's HERALD Mrs. Tilton's denial of my statement. While I regret exceedingly that circumstances have compelled me to testily concerning matters injurious to her I still, as a truthful man, must adhere to what I have stated-that I did assist in relaying carpets in her house in the fall of 1869 and saw what I have before described. I avoided making this public as long as possible, and did not willingly make the facts known; but it will be found if I am placed on the witness stand tout my statement is strictly accurate and correct in every particular, as personally regards myself, which can be con-

firmed by other circumstances which have not yet been spoken of. I am, respectfully, JOSEPH LOADER.

AN INTERVIEW WITH LOADER.

[From the Brooklyll Argus.]

At noon to-day an Argus reporter entered the uph latery store of Joseph Londer, No. 922 Fulson avenue. A young man working in the rear room came forward and inquired what was wanted.

"Is Mr. Loader within Y!"

The young man east an inquiring look toward the rear of the premises, from which a voice was heard;

"What Is ""

"What is it you wish ?"
"Mr. Loader, I suppose," said the reporter, go-

"Mart is you wise." said the reporter, going forward.
"Chader, I suppose," said the reporter, going forward.
"Chad's my name."
"Could I seeak with you in the other room a moment?" A indule-aged woman was obshy cugared sewing, whom it was not desirable to have present at the interview.
"What is it you want?" Mr. Londer repeated, hammering tack after tack into an wrinchair which he was recovering. "If you are a reporter I don't want to say anything to you. Lock in the Herald and Sun to-morrow morning and you'll find my card, which has got all that I mean to say."
"I'm from the Aryns, and the Aryns would like to publish what you have got to say this afternoon."
"I won't have anything to say to you," said the

"I won't have anything to say to you," said the tite man (ue is only about five feet nigh). The gus can get wont it wants from the HERALD of Sign." Not. If know it." "You're from the country, Mr. Loader-from Eugland?" (ne been pronouncing nouse "ouse," and not been pronouncing nouse "ouse," and not had been pronouncing nouse

"ot").
"Yes, sir," be replied, as he drove nome another tack. A long talk about people and things and pinces in the old country followed.
"So there's no truth in Mrs. Tilton's amidavit, is there?"

"So there's no truth in Mrs. Tilton's adidavit, is there?"

Mr. Loader.—Not an lota of truth in it from beginning to end, is ar as I am concerned. I was so ravin' mus when I saw her letter in the Sun that I sat down and wrote a reply to it.

"You were laying down carpets in Mrs. Tilton's house, then, in 1803?"

Mr. Loaden—I was, and Mrs. Tilton knows it. They were old carpets which had been given out to be dicaned, and we laid them not only out the partor floor, but on the stairs and on the floor acove.

"You are quite sure you were there in 1803?"

"You are quite sure you were there in 1869?"
Mr. LOADER—I am, and I am pretty sure I can
rove it from my books.

"Have you ever been to the house since ?"

Mr. Loaden—I have not been there since, and fer five years.

Here he suspended his tacking operations, and continued with more animation:—

'if what I have said is not true, now could I have drawn a plan of the nounc, of the rooms of the bouse, and shown it to Mr. Moulton and Mr. Tilton, as I did a lew days grow!

'And It was a correct plan ?!'

Mr. Loader—It was, Mr. Moulton and Mr. Tilton were quite surprised when I dai it. Iney did not seem quit; to believe me till then. I had not been in the nouse for five years.

'You will excuse the. Mr. Loader, but suppose Mr. Beacher and Mrs. Tilton were in that parious and committed the acts you hame, the door would most assuredly have been locked. If Mr. Beacher, in his excitement, had lorgotten to turn the key, the womanty instinct of Mrs. Tilton would have prompted her to do it."

Mr. Loader—Ah, that's the very thing. The door leading from the parior into the half was locked, but when I pulled at the loads it opened, the bolt remaining turned out of the lock. You have seen that done?

'Oli, yes, when there was no boit to catch the top or bottom of the framework of the door."

Mr. Loader—I saw more than you have any idea of—more than has appeared in the papers.

'One more question, Mr. Loader, Has anything ever haspened that has caused you to have a feeling of dishies to Mr. Beccher?'

Mr. Loader—No, sir.

'You don't admire him as a preacher, perhaps?'

Mr. Loader—who, sir.

'You don't admire him as a preacher, perhaps?''

Mr. Loader—when this happened at No. I'd Livingston street—I stopped going to Plymouth church. I liken him very much as a man and a preacher. One sermon of his about httle sins and low they grew to big ones I remember very distinctly.

"Has Mr. Tilton ever done you any great of

sembled. There were fresh arrivals, to be sure;

how they grew to big ones I remember very distinctly.

"Has Mr. Thiton ever done you any great of special favor?"

Mr. Loader—No. I care no more about him than I do about Mr. Beecher. I never spoke to or had anything to do with Mr. Thiton antil a week or two ago, wann I met himmit Judge Morris' office. I thought they had enough against Mr. Beecher without my testimony, or I whould have spoked about this before. You see, outside of my business, I have no time to attend to anything.

MIS. THITON CONTRADICTED.

MES. TILTON CONTRADICTED. The fact, too, that yesterday afternoon a Brook lyn evening paper published an interview with the newly discovered witness, Loader, in which the statements made by Mrs. Tilton in her affidavit of the previous day are flatly and decidedly controverted and dented, has had great weight with a large proportion of the Brooklyn community, and people who formerly swore by the great preacher now say that their opinion is changing.

Theodore Tilton, at every turn and move that he made, in either entering or leaving the Court House, was followed by an admiring crowd, and he is pointed out on every side wherever he goes with such expressions as the following:--"There goes Tilton?" "Taat's Theodore and he looks cheerful, don't he?" "I guess he thinks he's going to get a verdict." "He don't look much like a man who expects to lose !" "Why don't he cut his hair !" &c.

The counsel in the case on both sides were present in the court more or less throughout yesterday, and every time they left the court room for the chambers adjoining there would be a general rusa to ollow them. When they retired into the Judge's room all sorts of expedients were resorted to to find out what the result of the cousultation was. These efforts, however, always failed, and as a sequence all kinds of conjectures had to be failen back upon; but these latter were naturally wide of the actual facts. FROM PRESENT INDICATIONS

it looks more than probable that the jury will be locked up over Sunday, although there is just a possibility that they will come into court 10-day and state their position, and if they have failed to agree, ask to be discharged. The Judge stated that for his part he will not send for them at any time, and will let them stay out as long as they have a mind to, for the reason that did he send any notification to them to the effect that he desired to know what prospects existed of an agreement, or that he wanted to see them tuey might probably be interrupted at some important point, or in some vital argument by which an end might be reached.

should the great case be concluded to-day it will be a matter of relief and gratulation to the people in every city, town, village and hamlet in the United States, who are heartly sick of Brooklyn's trial, with all its surroundings and belongings.

MR. BEACH'S ADDRESS.

[From the Golden Age.] The address of Mr. Beach to the jury lasted ten days. A dood deal of the time was taken up in answering the arguments and disposing of the inferences and removing the impressions of the de fenuant's counsel. He had a vast deal of ground to go over and of material to deal with. He was constantly interrupted from the start by the counsel for the desence, and often obviously for the sake of annoying him, or throwing him off the line or his argument, or breaking the force of his plea. The last day was one incessant stream of those vexatious interruptions. They impaired the unity and force of his argument, and, doubtless diminished the oratorical de ect of his peroration, As a whole the address of Mr. Beach was a great effort, and will be referred to as one of the master

pieces of forensic eloquence. Though unequal, it displays a remarkbly close grappling with the essential facts of the case, and a logical grip of the principles involved in the cause. It had been a part of the strately of the defence to hide the main leatures of the case under a mass of irrelevancy, and weave a cunning and plausible labric or explanations and suppositions and extenua tions over and around it-a mountain of painted wordmist over the yawning fissures of a chasmtill everybody forgot what was underneath in admiring what was above. Mr. Beach swept this enormous pile completely away, then showed the vigor and force of his pleading in the ability with which he brought out the central facts as they had been successively developed in the testimony. It was here that his effort culminated, and nothing could well exceed the effectiveness of his reasoning and the power of his invective as he showed the utter mapossibility of reconciling the letters and conduct and conjessions of the defendant with the admitted facts on any supposition but that of his guilt His delineation of the character of Mr. Beecher was almost terrific; it almost makes one shrick for some alleviating touch, some relieving mercy But one of two things must be true: either Mr. Beecher is guilty or he is not. If he is guilty, he is a moral mouster; if he is innecent, he has acted the part of an idiot in such perfection that one almost wonders which is worse, the crime or the Imbecility. - Golden Age, 25th.

PIERY ZEAL IN GOOD WORKS. [From the Nation.]

The last number of the Christian Union contains an article by "Mr. Beecher's edit rial associates" upon the Brooklyn trial which says, in substance and truly, that whatever the issue of the legal proceedings may be, public opinion will decide, sconer or later, without doubt or disagreement, whether Mr. Beecher's life has "been rotten to the core or grounded in sincerity." "Men may hereafter question how far he was wise," they say, "how far he fell short in pru sence or insight, or in rightly fitting his acts to the requirements of circumstances," but "it will not remain an open question whether his whole work was fraud." They then ask those who blame him for going so tar in his efforts to prevent an outbreak of the scandal to consider the injury which the out break has actually wrought to the community, and to ask whether, in view of the magnitude of this injury, he was not justified in his efforts to keep it quiet. This, however, suggests the obvious repig. that the 'outbreak' consists almost wholly in an investigation of the ways and means employed by him and his friends to secure secrecy. Had he snown at the outset the courage he preaches to other men in the pulpit, and collared Tilton when he accused him of depauching his wife, there would have been nothing, or to examine or expose. Had he not made a osom triend of Moulton, Moutton's intquities would never have been laid before the community. The article concludes by calling on those who stand by Mr. Beecher to show their love for both by "doing whatever height and Offistian deed lies nearest their hand," We go further, and call on the Intonites to show their love for that eminent man to the same mapper. In fact, we ad vise both sides to display their nery zeal in good works. Mr. Beecher's associates also add that "we are members of one another, and living and

CONTINUED ON TENTH PAGE